THE CHARMS of BEAUTY;

OR

The Grand CONTEST between the Fair *Hibernians*, and the *Engliſh* TOASTS,

A POEM:

Occaſioned by the MARRIAGE of his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton* with Miſs *Elizabeth Gunning*; and the expected MARRIAGE of her elder Siſter with a certain noble Earl.

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CHARMS of BEAUTY:

The Grand Contest between

For Ladies, and the Prize Toast.

A POEM

Occasioned by the ARRIVAL of his Grace

the Duke of Marlton with Miss Rich. Goth Charms;

and the expected MARRIAGE of her elder Sister with

a certain noble Earl.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE CHARMS of BEAUTY.

WHEN *Beauty* ſpreads her Glories to the View,
Our wond'ring Eyes the radiant Blaze purſue;
Enraptur'd we behold the pleaſing Sight,
And loſe ourſelves in *infinite Delight*;
Unruly Paſſions urge us to poſſeſs
The richeſt Treaſure of a Mortal's Bliſs.
But when *ſtrict Virtue* guards the charming Fair,
With *Prudence* arm'd, and *Chaſtity* ſevere;
Aw'd and chaſtiz'd by ſuch ſuperior Pow'r,
We ſtand at Diſtance, and almoſt adore.
Long have the GUNNINGS — both *divinely Fair* —
Unrival'd ſhone in Beauty's glorious Sphere;

Long been the *Toaſts* among the *Gay* and *Great*,
And daily *Conqueſts proſtrate* at their Feet.
Their Dreſs regarded no Expence,
And fortune brighten'd into Gleams of Senſe.
Chear'd by *their Beauty's* all-enliv'ning Ray,
Ev'n Wit has flaſh'd from Fools; -- the Dull were gay.
Ev'n Age itſelf, long dead to Love, revives,
And for a Moment in Appearance lives.
Strange is the Pow'r of Beauty to controul
Our rugged Humours, and our Paſſions rule.
The Strong, the Wiſe, the Witty, and the Grave,
The lofty Proud, the Coward and the Brave,
Captiv'd within the magic Circle move,
The magic Circle circumſcrib'd by Love.
Let *Fortune ſtill be idoliz'd by Fools,*
O'er all Mankind a greater *Goddeſs rules,*
Whoſe ſcepter'd Hand extends its boundleſs Sway,
And darts thro' ev'ry Heart her vig'rous Ray.
Freſh as the Roſe, or like the Spring in Bloom,
See Beauty with her ſmiling Graces come;
As when *Aurora* in the Eaſtern Skie,
Brightens the Morn, and gladdens ev'ry Eye,
The glitt'ring Stars their twinkling Glories hide,
And *Phœbus* only reigns in all his Pride:

Thus

Thus when a GUNNING ſhews her charming Face,
All other Beauties *unregarded paſs.*
The Noble *Hamilton* confeſs'd his Flame,
(A Name recorded in the Books of Fame!)
In vain high Titles and an antient Blood,
The *Lawneſs* of his *Choice* proclaim aloud.
Small Fortune, but no Titles grace the Fair,
Her honour'd Father but a rural Squire;
Her greateſt Portion in herſelf remains,
Virtue and Beauty and refined Senſe;
Things in this Age but of a ſmall Regard,
When Wealth's the Idol ſo ador'd and fear'd.
The gen'rous Peer, regardleſs of his Blood,
Thinks it no *Stoop* to love the Fair and Good.
Virtue, tho' e're ſo low, commands Reſpect,
And Beauty never paſſes with Neglect.
If Reaſon ever had in Love a Place,
It never ſhone with more diſtinguiſh'd Grace.
Let others place in *Grandeur* their Repoſe,
And ſolid Comforts in Ambition loſe;
He who with lawleſs Pleaſures once made free,
Now thinks that *Virtue* is *Nobility*;
That Goodneſs adds a Luſtre to his Birth,
And *titled Meanneſs* deſtitute of Worth;

ELIZA's Virtue, cloath'd with Beauty's Robe,
He loves beyond the Riches of the Globe.
How amiable is Beauty when combin'd
In ſtrict Conjunction with a virtuous Mind!
Like *two twin Stars* their *Glories* they unite,
And form a Radiance exquiſitely bright;
Their friendly Junction ev'ry Eye attracts,
And round its gentle Influence reflects.
The noble *C——Y*, tho' ſage and wiſe,
Above his Years, and good without Diſguiſe,
Feels the moſt ſoft Impreſſion on his Heart,
And yields himſelf a Captive to Deſert;
This than gay Titles and reſplendent Stars
He honours more, and in his Mind prefers;
For this the Elder GUNNING is his Choice,
And *richer Fortunes* he diſdains as Toys.
'Tis Merit only moves his gen'rous Soul,
By Reaſon govern'd as his ſov'reign Rule.
This is the *Polar Star* his Love directs,
And marks out Her the *Phenix* of her Sex.
When Virtue's in ſo fair a Perſon plac'd,
His noble Blood he will not think diſgrac'd,
If with his Heart his Hand he freely gives,
And only virtuous Love return'd receives.

Let

Let Stars and Garters wed the noble Spouſe,
The boaſted Offspring of ſome antient Houſe,
Whoſe Anceſtry is all the *Merit* claim'd,
Without one *Virtue to adorn her nam'd.*
At Court, at Balls, with Equipages gay,
With coſtly Jewels deck'd, ſhe flaunts away.
Or deep engages in deſtructive Play.
Her Debts of Honour muſt my Lord diſcharge,
Or *her own Honour muſt be ſet at large.*
O! who would envy ſuch exalted State?
Who would not pity the unhappy Great?
With Reaſon then our noble E--l may choſe,
A beauteous GUNNING to adorn his Houſe;
One who has long in Virtue's School been train'd,
And ev'ry *female Excellence* has gain'd;
One who knows well the Dignity of Place,
And how ſupport her Honour with a Grace;
How to her Lord a due Obedience pay,
And his known Will as chearfully obey:
Such the fair GUNNINGS will themſelves approve,
And well deſerve our Nobles warmeſt Love.
Ye *Britiſh* Fair, whom *Envy* may excite
To blaſt the GUNNINGS with envenom'd Spite;
Can thoſe fair Breaſts ſuch Rancour entertain?
Thoſe Eyes ſo brilliant ſparkle with Diſdain?

Can thoſe ſweet Tongues, that ſhould our Cares begu
Be ſtrung with Slander, Merit to revile?
Shall Malice die thoſe lovely Cheeks with pale,
Where laughing Cupids oft our Eyes regale?
Can it conſiſt with Juſtice or with Senſe,
To envy Virtue its juſt Recompence?
Is *Happineſs to Coach and Six confin'd?*
How wretched then is more than half Mankind,
Who, forc'd to trudge along the dirty Street,
Rumple their Cloaths, and incommode their Feet?
Are there no Comforts in domeſtic Life?
No ſolid Joys attend the humble Wife?
Has titled Greatneſs no attending Woes?
Wrong is that Judgment which can this ſuppoſe.
The ſtarred Peer has more corroding Plagues,
Than honeſt *Hodge* in his old tatter'd Rags.
The Counteſs, big with Grandeur, high in State,
Is far leſs happy than poor *Cloddy*'s Mate.
The *Britiſh* Ladies long unrival'd ſtood,
And Beauty's Prize have claim'd in Right of Blood.
No foreign Tincture on the fineſt Skin,
By Nature painted with a Hand divine;
No Features, e're ſo regular and true,
Can charm Mankind, the *Britiſh* Fair, but you;

At leaſt our Complaiſance to you have made.
Our flatt'ring Tongues the real Truth evade.
Hibernian Land, amidſt its Bogs and Fens,
Has cultivated Beauty, Wit and Senſe.
How widely have we erred from the Truth,
To call the *Iriſh* wild, and ſcorn their Youth?
They Nature's Dictates wiſely do purſue,
Live by her Laws, and as ſhe bids they do.
By foreign Faſhions they are not diſguis'd,
What Heaven gives, by them is choicely priz'd.
Their Senſe is native, ſo their Beauties too,
And artleſs Love within their Boſoms glow.
Such were the GUNNINGS on their native Soil,
And Thouſands more within that happy Iſle;
Who if reveal'd, and brought upon the Stage,
Would all Mankind in their Behalf engage.
Theſe Two their Father as a Sample gives,
To ſhew that Beauty in *Herbernia* thrives;
Brings them with pleaſure to the publick Tent,
And lets our Judgment on their Merit rent;
Bids us peruſe them with a curious Eye,
And all their Faults impartially deſcry.
If none are found (tho' Malice be the Judge)
What gen'rous Mind can their due Praiſes grudge?

No

No more, ye Ladies of this Iſland boaſt,
That you alone deſerve the publick Toaſt,
Rivall'd you ſee you are, perhaps excell'd,
Which by your Wit can never be refell'd.
Our Eyes, now open'd, can diſcern the Truth,
And how, like Trickſters, you impoſe on Youth
Pleas'd if you can but keep them in the Dark,
And hedge the roving Deer within your Park.

With what Invetracy do you exclaim
Againſt all Ladies of a foreign Name!
Ugly their Faces, or ill-ſhap'd they be,
Scarce one without ſome ſad Deformity.
One has a pretty Face, 'tis ſuch allow'd,
But then her Legs are bandy'd, or ſhe's proud.
Another's praiſed for her eaſy Shapes,
But her ſad aukward Dreſs proclaims her Trapes.

How oft have we been arrogantly told,
That perfect Beauty's caſt in *Engliſh* Mould;
Forms ſo exact ſcarce Angels can excel,
Too perfect on this filthy Earth to dwell.

No more, ye Fair, on your Perfections ſtand,
For Beauty flouriſhes in every Land.
Ev'n Negroes, ſo diſtaſtful to the Sight,
Produce their Beauties eminently bright.

Exacteſt Symmetry their Perſons form,
And glowing Graces all their Features warm.
Wit and good Senſe are equally their Due,
Their Colour only differs them from you:
And what is Colour but a tinctur'd Skin,
Tho' black without, yet all is fair within;
'Tis *Virtue gives a Beauty to the Face,*
The faireſt Form may be without a Grace;
The Roſe and Lilly, now in fragrant Bloom,
Sickneſs or Age will wither and conſume;
A pallid Colour will your Viſage ſeize,
And leave you not a Feature that can pleaſe.
Let Beauty then no longer be your Pride,
Believe it will not long with you reſide;
Nor let your Souls with haggard Envy pine,
That others more than you reſplendent ſhine.
Contented ſee the Bell of Beauty worn
By others not with ſplendid Titles born.
Behold with Pleaſure *Virtue meets Reward,*
Nor think your Maker deals with you too hard.
With grateful Heart acknowledge ev'ry Good,
And all the Gifts by Heav'n on you beſtow'd,

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